


HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



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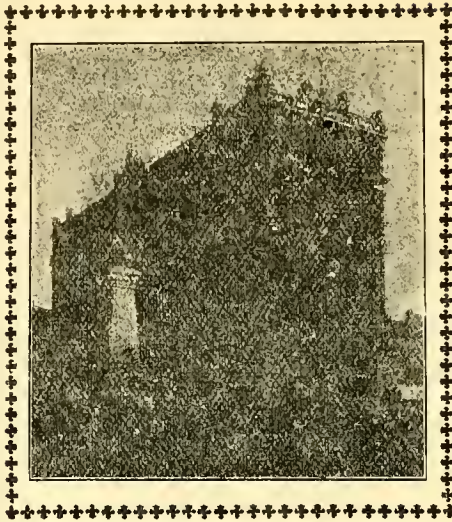
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No. 23.

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY.

III.—THE OCCUPATION OF THE PEOPLE.

FROM earliest childhood, the people of the islands are taught the best methods of catching and preparing different kinds of fish.

In summer the main kinds of fish seek the northern waters, but, as winter comes, they move southward from feeding place to feeding place. Where the ocean is very deep, fish find little to eat, for the small marine animals or plants on which they live, grow on the sea bottom or are gradually deposited there; and most fishes find it difficult to dive to great depths in search of their food. The bottom of the ocean is very similar to the ground above water; there are valleys and hills, and mountains with high peaks that sometimes push their heads above the surface to form islands. A suitable feeding ground for most kinds of fish becomes, then, the top of a submarine hill or mountain. One of the things that a fisherman must know, is the location of the shallow waters in the neighborhood of the island on which he lives. When the fish come southward in the fall and winter, and encounter a shallow place, they remain there to feed until either the season advances too far,

or until the food materials have been exhausted. Then the shoal moves on until another feeding place is found, and so on until the northern migration sets in the next season, when the same process is repeated.

Frequently fishermen go out into the ocean prospecting for the feeding grounds of fish, just as the miners in Utah go out into the mountains to prospect for gold or silver. The men row out to a place far removed from the well known fishing places. There they cast their lines or nets, and if fish are caught, they try it again and again to satisfy themselves that they are over a shallow part of the ocean where fish is found in abundance. If few or no fish are caught, they go on to another place and try it again. This is continued for days or for weeks, and if a new fishing place is found, it means a small fortune to the finders. If such a place has been found, the finders row out secretly by night or in the early morning and fish for a few hours; then return home and try in every possible way to keep the place secret from their fellow fishermen, so that they, as the finders, shall receive

the first and the main benefit of the discovery. Soon, however, the neighbors observe that certain men bring large boat-loads of fish, though they no longer fish in the accustomed places, and suspicion is aroused that a new feeding ground has been discovered. Spies are then sent out to track and follow the lucky finders; and frequently a romance

faintly, many miles away, until two prominent objects are observed—headlands or mountain peaks—that are in line with the boat. These objects are carefully noted. Then in another direction, two other prominent objects are noted, which also are in line with the boat. The lines drawn from these two sets of landmarks, intersect in the boat,



FISHING VILLAGE ON THE OUTERMOST ISLAND.

Showing the Homes and Outbuildings of the People, and also the Rocky Character of the Land.

of daring adventure is developed in the contest between the discoverers and the spies. Finally, of course, the place is located, and then becomes the property of the whole island.

Now, it may be asked how it is possible to locate any particular spot in the open sea. This is done very simply. When a good fishing place has been discovered the men in the boat look toward the land, that perhaps may be seen very

When the same men row out the next time, they keep a close lookout on the landmarks they have noted and row until they are in the place of intersection of the lines from the two sets. Every fishing ground is mapped, so to say, in this way, and the record of the pairs of prominent land marks, the intersections of which mark the feeding places of fish, is handed down from father to son through the generations, with the same

care that deeds of land and mines are handed down in our country. Should the discoverers of a new fishing ground, while fishing in a new domain, observe a boat approaching them, which probably contains spies, sent out by the people of the islands, they would immediately pull up their nets and lines and row away from the place with all their might, knowing full well that the boat has left no mark on the water by which the place of their fishing can be identified, and that the pursuers are compelled to guess at the place where they were fishing and to take the land marks accordingly. In the annals of fishing off the coast of Norway, there are recorded a number of races brought about in this way, which for thrilling interest are not surpassed in the wild stories of the early Indian troubles of Western America. Nearly all the best fishing places, in the neighborhood of the different islands have been discovered and it is very seldom nowadays that a new one is found. Still it does occur, and in view of the larger population, such a find is more valuable than it ever was before.

In early fall, the herring, which is one of the chief fish crops of Norway, come down from the north in shoals, containing millions upon millions of individuals. Sometimes one route is followed, sometimes another, but nearly always paralleling, in a general way, the coast line. When fall comes, the fishermen all along the coast are on the lookout for the herring, and when it has been found that a great shoal has begun to feed in a certain place, the news is immediately brought to the mainland and telegraphed from place to place. The fishermen come in then, from all directions to this place, and fishing begins in good earnest. Herring is caught mostly by nets, the meshes of which are of such a size that the herring trying to get through them

is caught there. The nets are allowed to sink in the water to a certain distance, but are kept from sinking to the bottom by means of floats made of wood or cork or hollow glass balls to which the nets are tied. Then the whole outfit is tied to the boats, and at certain intervals the nets are pulled up and the caught herring taken out. Then the nets are allowed to sink again and this process is repeated, it may be for weeks.

Near by the countless fish boats, lie larger ships owned by the wealthy dealers. These ships immediately buy the fresh herring from the fishermen and payment is made at once. On these ships the herring is salted, placed in barrels and made ready for shipment to the different countries of the world. The scene of such a herring fishery is as picturesque and full of life as well can be imagined. The hundreds of boats with hundreds of nets, rising and falling with the rolling of the sea; the shouts of the men from boat to boat, as they raise or lower the nets; the passage of smaller boats from one crew to another, the hoisting of herring from the fishing boats to the purchasing ships; above all, the blue sky, the bright sun; and the white sea gulls flapping their wings and screeching at the sight of the herring drawn out of the water, form a medley which remains long in the memory of the observer. Even more picturesque is this picture at night, (for when a large shoal of herring has been discovered, fishing goes on night and day) when the faint moonlight and the sleepy lanterns furnish a ghostly illumination of boats and nets and men and herring which seems to the stranger as unreal as the hot air visions of the Arabian desert.

Sometimes, when hundreds of boats and men are assembled and engaged in this fishing, the sun hides behind a cloud, the wind comes in from the west, the

ocean grows unruly and in half a day it may be that one of the terrible autumn storms of the north sea is raging upon the fishing ground. Then the herring is forgotten; the nets are cut loose; masts are taken down and the god of the ocean, who has been forgotten in the excitement of the fishing, receives delayed petitions. Men prepare themselves the best way they can for the battle to come, which will end they know, in death to some of the number. The attempt is made to reach the nearest land, but with the mad waves below and the senseless wind above, the task is one of such infinite labor that many a brown-haired youngster has come out of it a white-haired man. Usually, during these storms, there is a great loss of life; and after the ocean has calmed, the wrecked boats

and the bodies of the lost are driven in towards the shore and picked up by the dwellers on the island. In one night (two years ago) on one of the little islands lying far out into the ocean, a fall storm made a hundred widows. These storms are viewed calmly by the fishermen as a part of the life that fate has willed they shall lead. But with such experiences and such a life, there is no wonder that the tender sternness of the people, as described in the last article, has been developed. However, on the whole, the herring fisheries are sources of much wealth and consequent happiness to the islanders, for it is perhaps the most profitable of all kinds of fish that are at all abundant off the coast of Norway.

John A. Widtsoe.



AFTER MANY YEARS.



IN the corner of a busy thoroughfare, near the business center of one of our large cities, stands an imposing stone building which bears across its massive front the inscription in large letters, "Edward Harding & Co, Bankers;" a firm well known and respected by its patrons and the general public.

It was a bright summer's morning, not long ago, on which our story begins. The warm sunlight streamed in through the large plate glass windows of the bank, brightening and beautifying everything within the luxuriously furnished office where sat Mr. Edward Harding, head of the firm—a handsome prosper-

ous-looking man in the prime of life, whose bright, dark eyes shone with a pleasant twinkle, as if their owner felt quite satisfied with himself and the world in general.

Books and papers lay scattered on the desk beside him, but he seemed to have laid the cares of business aside for a short time, and sat gazing out of the window idly watching the busy stream of people who were passing and repassing on the pavement without. Across his face there flashed a look of amusement as he noticed the ludicrous attempts of a drayman in the street to induce the balky animal which he was driving to proceed with the heavy load

to which it was attached. Finally the man succeeded, and the banker was falling into a pleasant reverie, when he was aroused by the voice of the office boy saying behind him: "A gentleman to see you, sir," admitting someone into the room as he spoke.

Mr. Harding at once arose to meet his visitor, advancing to where he stood and politely asking him in what way he could be of service to him.

The newcomer, judging by his manner and appearance, was a farmer—a hard working, honest looking man, who gave his name as James Conly, and stated the business upon which he had come.

Mr. Harding—his face no longer wearing the idle, listless expression of the dreamer, but the earnest, wide-awake look of the business man—requested Mr. Conly to be seated, then followed a long talk about loans, mortgages and securities, with which our story has nothing to do.

Finally, however, the matter was settled satisfactorily between them, and the farmer gathered his papers together preparatory to leaving, when Mr. Harding said:

"Did I not understand you to say Mr. Conly, that your former home was in Enderly?"

"Yes sir," the man answered, "I lived there for nigh onto fifteen years. 'Twould be hard to find a prettier bit of country than Enderly is, too. Some of the finest farms there I ever saw—but perhaps you have been there yourself, sir?"

"Yes, I was in that part of the country once, but it was years ago when I was only a boy," the other replied, lightly tapping his knee with the roll of papers which he held in his hand. Then moving his chair so that his face was more in the shadow, he continued in a seemingly careless tone: "There was a family living there, years ago by the name

of Harding; the man's name, I think was Andrew, and he had a son called Henry—can you tell me anything about them?"

The farmer smiled, "I should think I could, sir, when I was their nearest neighbor for years. But maybe they are relatives of yours," with a shrewd glance into the other's face, "bein' as they bear the same name."

"Merely a coincident," answered Mr. Harding somewhat harshly, a hard look passing over his fine face; "I was acquainted with them once, but they are no friends of mine, I can assure you."

"Glad to hear it, sir; but I might, a known," smiling into the frank, open countenance of the man before him, "that you was no relation of that mean Henry Harding and his poor old father."

"Poor! Why do you call him poor?" quickly interrupted Mr. Harding. "He was very well-to-do when I knew him."

"Yes, he was pretty well off before he give all he had to Henry," said the farmer, who evidently very much enjoyed having this bit of gossip with the rich banker. "You see, sir, the old man was so wrapt up in his son, that it seemed like he couldn't do enough for him, and when he began to feel himself growin' a little old, why he up and deeded the farm and everything he owned to Henry, expectin', of course, to have a good home with him, and be taken care of the rest of his days.

"But, by jingo! as soon as the boy got holt of everything he just showed what mean, ungrateful stuff he was made of. I think that was what he had been workin' for all along; anyhow, as soon as the deeds was made out; and he found himself owner of one of the finest farms in the county, he didn't seem to care anything at all about his father, but soon give the old man to understand that he was owner of the place himself now and would do as he pleased about every-

thing. This nearly used old Mr. Harding up, and many's the talk I've had with him when he was feelin' bad and low spirited on account of the way his son treated him. Things wasn't so bad though, till Henry got married. Did you know Agnes Parker, sir?"

The banker shook his head.

"Well, sir, before she was married she was known as one of the sharpest tongued, scheminist young women in the place, and gittin' married didn't seem to improve her any. My ginger, how she did make the men folks stand around! I didn't feel sorry a bit for Henry if he did have to toe the mark pretty lively, but I pitied the old man. From the very first she seemed to take a dislike to him; didn't want him to have a home with them, and was always throwin' out slurs about his bein' in the way, and did everything she could to make his life miserable; and when at last he fell sick and lay helpless for months, it was said that if it hadn't been for the neighbors he would have died.

"After while though he got better but he wasn't a bit like himself; seemed kinder to have lost interest in everything, and as the years wore on seemed to age very fast, growin' old and feeble before his time."

"Was there no one else to whom he could go in his trouble?" asked Mr. Harding in a strange, husky voice, shading his eyes with his hand. "Had he no other children?"

No—that is, none that I knew, but the neighbors say there was another son, a harem scarem sort of fellow I think he must have been, anyhow, him and his father never got along together, and one day the old man drove him away from home, and he's never been heard of since. There's lots of the old folks though, who say the boy wasn't a bad lad, but that 'twas his brother Henry

who influenced his father against him, showin' up all his boyish capers in the worst light possible. Of course, I can't say how true that is, for all that happened before I moved into the place, but I know that a good many of the older people don't seem to have much sympathy for the old man, but think it's a kind of judgment on him for the way he treated the boy; but since the poor old chap lost his eyesight—"

"What is that you are saying!" cried his listener in an agitated voice, leaning forward and catching the farmer fiercely by the arm. "Man, man, do you mean to say he is blind?"

"Blind as a bat, sir, and has been for many a long day," answered Mr. Conly hastily drawing back from the grasp of the strong fingers, a look of astonishment on his sunburnt face.

"Pardon me, Mr. Conly;" the banker resumed his former position, but the man before him noticed how his fingers trembled as he passed them over his face. "This is a sad story you are telling me. How long has Mr. Harding been so afflicted?"

"Let me see; nigh onto five years, I think. It's been a long time, anyway. There was a doctor come through that way once, who said he could cure him, but Henry's wife wouldn't hear of it; said it would cost too much, and they couldn't afford it, so of course it wasn't done. But I tell you sir it was a pitiful sight to see the old man, poor and blind, groping his way about the farm he earned himself, and where he ain't got any more right now than a poor-house pauper."

Mr. Harding did not answer for a few minutes, but sat with averted face, apparently busy in watching once more the traffic in the street; but finally he turned and again faced his visitor, saying: "It must indeed be a pitiful sight, Mr. Conly, but I suppose there are many

such in this selfish old world of ours. We human beings are a miserably ungrateful lot at the best, I think;" and the man of business began arranging his papers as if he considered the interview at an end, and shortly afterwards Mr. Conly took his departure,

Hardly had the door closed behind him however before Mr. Harding left his chair, and began pacing up and down the room in a nervous, excited manner which was habitual with him when worried or troubled about anything. Once he paused in his rapid walk and stood before the window, his eyes raised towards the row of high buildings on the opposite side of the street, but evidently his thoughts were not with what he saw there for presently he cried aloud: "Blind, blind, poor, old and blind! Ah, Heaven how terrible!"—then pityingly under his breath, "Poor old man! poor old man!"

Again he was interrupted by the door opening behind him to admit someone into the room. This time it was Mr. Archibald Raymond who entered—a fellow financier, and warm friend of the banker's.

"Ah, Harding, here I am again, you see," said this new arrival as he came forward with the easy air of one who feels himself perfectly at home. "You remember that big scheme Johnson was talking about to us the other day? Well I have been looking it up a little and believe it's a fine thing, and in order that we might get a better understanding of it I have drawn up a plan of the whole affair, which I wish you would look over with me if you have the time to spare," seating himself as he spoke at the open desk he proceeded at once to business, laying before his friend a diagram of a financial enterprise in which they had lately both become interested.

With great clearness and understand-

ing Mr. Raymond then went on to explain and expound the principles of the project in question, carefully pointing out every advantage to be lost or gained by it, and going over in minutest detail the plan spread before them.

As he finished his explanation he waited a little expecting to hear his companion say something, but as he did not, he raised his eyes to Mr. Harding's face and was half annoyed to find that the banker had not been listening at all, but sat looking straight before him in an absent-minded, pre-occupied manner.

As he saw his friend looking at him Mr. Harding started and bending forward fixed his gaze upon the paper.

"Pardon me, Raymond," he said, "I am afraid I don't understand you; will you kindly go over it again."

Mr. Raymond did so, wondering at the lack of comprehension on the part of his usually clear minded, far-seeing friend, and when for the second time he finished his exhaustive explanation, and saw by the look in his companion's eyes that he was no nearer an understanding of the subject than before, he exclaimed impatiently,

"What ails you, man? Your wits seem to have all deserted you to day."

How was he to know, that instead of the letters and lines upon the paper, his friend saw upon its surface the figure of an old man, bent, and feeble, groping his way before him with outstretched hands, poor, friendless and—blind!

"You are right, Raymond, I am not myself at all to day," answered the banker abruptly pushing his chair back from the desk and rising as he spoke. "But I shall be all right in the morning of course, and will come and see you about this matter; and now if you will kindly excuse me, I think I shall go home.

If anyone acquainted with the rich Mr.

Harding could have seen him as he sat alone that evening in his spacious library at home, they would have wondered what the nature of the trouble could be which seemed to be preying upon his mind, and doubtless would have thought that it must be some weighty business problem which was worrying him.

Nevertheless his trouble was not of a business character, but something of a more touching nature as shown by the varying expressions of his face. Sometimes his countenance would assume a hard, unrelenting look, making him appear utterly unlike his usually pleasant, smiling self, this look soon giving way to a tender pitying light which would again be replaced by the same unpromising expression as before.

At last, as if to escape from such contending emotions, he caught up the evening paper which lay near at hand, striving to concentrate his thoughts and attention on its pages. For a short time he sat thus, then threw it impatiently from him, saying:

"How those words haunt me! poor, and blind! But after all what is it to me? I suppose there are many men in the world in the same condition, yet no one is to blame for it. What is that saying about pride before a fall? Surely he was proud and haughty enough in those old days, and if trouble has overtaken him, is it not a just retribution? What is he to me that I need let the story of his sufferings pain me so? He told me that night long ago that the sight of my face was hateful to him, that never again must I cross his threshold or call him father, that henceforth he disowned me as a son. Did he care how I suffered, or what became of me? No, no I cannot forget it, I *will not* forgive him! Then after a slight pause he added, "And yet—and yet, poor, old, and blind."

Folding his arms upon the table beside him he bowed his head upon them and sat buried in deep thought. Presently there came the sound of light footsteps across the hall, which he did not seem to hear, then a touch upon his sleeve.

"What! not ready yet, papa?" cried a clear sweet voice, "and—yes, I really believe you were asleep."

The man slowly raised his head, his glance falling lovingly upon the slight, white-clad figure of a young girl standing beside his chair. This was Leone, his winsome, eighteen year old daughter.

"Ready for what, my dear?" straightening himself up, then glancing admiringly at the beautiful dress which she was wearing, he asked, "Is there to be a party, or something, Leone? If so I had forgotten all about it."

"A party! Why, papa! the girl's brown eyes—so like his own—were open wide with surprise. "Surely you have not forgotten your promise to take mama and me to the opera tonight!"

"The opera! Good gracious, so I did! You are right, child, I had forgotten all about it. But I am very tired; what would you say if I should ask you to excuse me?—if I could not go with you after all."

"Oh, papa!" a shade of disappointment crossing the bright face; "but you *promised* you would go, and," with a light laugh, "you have always said that an honest man's word should be as good as his bond, you know."

Mr. Harding rose from his chair laughing also. "Ah, you have me there, sly puss! and in order to save my reputation for honesty I must go, eh? Well, I will not keep you waiting long, my dear."

As he was leaving the room he was met at the door by a gentle faced, richly dressed lady who, when she saw him exclaimed reproachfully, "Not ready,

Edward! Dear, dear, I am afraid we shall be *so* late."

"Never mind, Eleanor," smilingly answered her husband, "I shall be down again in a minute."

On the way up to his room he told himself that he would think no more of that story which the farmer had told him. He would put all thoughts of it out of his head and in a few days, he should, of course, have forgotten all about it.

At the theatre, a little latter on many eyes among the audience were directed towards the place where the wealthy banker sat with his beautifully dressed, refined looking wife and pretty, bright

eyed daughter, and many persons present thought half enviously of his good fortune, and looking at his smiling face, said to themselves, how very happy he must be! little dreaming that, at that very moment he was far from being happy, that in his heart was a sorrowful, undecided feeling which try as he might he could not shake off; that above the crash of the orchestra, the clear, high notes of the prima donna's beautiful voice, and the loud applause of the audience, there rang over and over through his head the words "Poor, old, and blind."

Jennie Roberts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

HONOR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may be well with thee." This is the Lord's command and His promises attending it.

There are many other precious promises relating to this principle. The Lord said in a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, that the willing and obedient should inherit the good things of the land of Zion, but the disobedient and rebellious should be cut off. As there is no hope or promise held out to the disobedient, it is well for children to learn early in life to willingly obey their parents and those who are placed over them, that the promises of the Lord may not be forfeited.

As the child owes his earthly existence to his parents, and is also dependent upon them in great measure for all the good things of life which he enjoys, to

repay them in part for their love and care he owes them willing obedience, and all the love and honor he can bestow upon them. Childhood is a protracted dependency and pupilage, and its education and training must come largely from parental authority and care. From infancy to maturity, patience, gentleness, kindness, watchfulness, with days of care and nights of anxiety are spent in ministering to the comfort and supplying the wants of the child. Parental love spares neither labor of body nor weariness of mind in securing the happiness of the child, and in return for these sacrifices of the heart it is the duty of the child to "honor father and mother," that is, to respect, reverence, love and obey them. As "obedience is the first law of heaven," so should it be the first law of the home, which we are taught to believe is

the nearest earthly resemblance to heaven. Every well-ordered household must have its rules of government which must be observed by each of its members or the home is without harmony and made unhappy. Happy is the child, therefore, that is early impressed with the necessity of conforming to law and has well learned the lesson of prompt, cheerful obedience, preferring the wishes of its parents and the happiness of home to its own convenience and selfishness. Children who oppose parental influence and government, who slight the desires and wishes of their parents, make themselves unhappy and all around them miserable, and grow up selfish, self-willed and undesirable citizens and members of society.

There are various degrees and conditions of obedience, but only that which is prompt and cheerful, springing from the heart, is worthy of the name.

A story is told of a boy who was tempted by some of his companions to take some fruit from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch the apples. My father may not hurt me, yet I know my disobedience would hurt him, that would be worse to me than anything else."

For want of better understanding young people sometimes get an impression that obedience to parents, teachers or any other authority, is a sign of weakness or cowardice, a sort of admission of lack of manliness and independence of spirit. Nothing could really be farther from the truth than such a conception of the spirit of obedience. No one ever attained to greatness in any calling in

life who did not first learn to implicitly obey those in authority over him, whether in the home, the school, the church, the army, in business, trade or commerce. The wilfully disobedient is a bully, a rebel, a traitor and a criminal, of no use to himself or society, and sooner or later becomes an outcast from all good associations. Only savages despise and resent authority, and even they are compelled by brute force to render homage to their superiors. Thus obedience exists everywhere in all grades of society, and the only question is as to whom shall we acknowledge allegiance, to the powers and influence of good or of evil.

Expressing a similar idea the Apostle Paul wrote to the Romans: "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

"Man is placed here on the earth," wrote Apostle Franklin D. Richards, many years ago, "subject to two great opposing powers—those of good and of evil. The question is not whether he will yield obedience to either or not, for one or the other he must necessarily obey in order to fulfill the law of his being. Man's free agency consists in choosing which of these influences he will follow, and there is not a moment of his existence when he is not under the control of one or the other."

To obey orders is one of the most difficult lessons of life, but it is one that must be learned before any progress can be made in any position or calling. In obedience only is there safety. It is always best to learn to obey orders and respect authority. It is better even to obey an order that may be wrong or given in a wrong spirit, or with a mistaken motive. It is better to obey such

an order as that, than it is for any one to get into the habit of disobeying and not respecting those who are placed over him.

It is no disgrace, nor is it any surrender of manhood or independence, to obey those in authority. Obedience to the commands of those who are over him is one of the surest signs of the thorough training and civilization of an individual.

If we want, therefore, to add to our happiness and strength of character, we must, before all things else, learn to obey.

"He that waiteth to be commanded in all things is a slothful servant," the Lord said in another revelation, and like every inspired thought, it is full of meaning and significance. Dutiful children learn to anticipate the wishes of their parents and never wait to be commanded. If, on the other hand, one

sees a duty to be done, but because father or mother is not present to direct or command its performance he neglects to do it, it is none the less an act of disobedience or dishonor than if he had slighted or disregarded a direct command. This is equally true of duties to God as of duties to parents. The really loving son or daughter will be anxiously seeking for opportunities to do all the good and kind acts possible. Inspired by love the child will see things to do every hour and every minute to help father and mother. So likewise those who are older, who are similarly inspired, will be led of their own volition to see thousands of ways whereby the Lord's work may be promoted, and they will be anxious to improve such opportunities. This is true obedience and worthy of acceptance.

Joseph Hyrum Parry.



SELECTED POEMS.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Some Things We can all do for It.

We may not all be rich enough
To make a costly feast;
But we have all some good to share,
The humblest and the least.
The very poor and needy ones,
Some of us may not find;
But every one has need of love,
And we can all be kind.

We may not all be called upon
Great bounties to impart;
But all can give the sweetest gifts,
The treasures of the heart.
Our loving thoughts and words and smiles,
May seem but little things,

And yet they bear our praise and thanks
To God, the King of kings.

And if we have but one small meal,
When some one hungry comes,
We still can cheerfully divide
Our meager scraps and crumbs.
And God will multiply our store;
We shall not want for food;
For thus we show our trust in Him,
Our faith and gratitude.



WHICH?

A diamond or a coal?
A diamond if you please;
Who cares about a clumsy coal
Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal ?
 A coal, sir, if you please;
 One comes to care about the coal
 What time the waters freeze.

GOOD LIFE—LONG LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well;
 All else is life but flung away;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
 Buy up the moments as they go;
 The life above when this is past
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

It was an old, old, old, old lady
 And a boy who was half past three,
 And the way they played together
 Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
 And the boy, no more could he,
 For he was a thin little fellow,
 With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
 Out under the maple tree,
 And the game that they played I'll tell you
 Just as it was told to me.

It was hide and go seek they were playing,
 Though you'd never have known it to be—
 With an old, old, old, old lady
 And a boy with a twisted knee

The boy would bend his face down
 On his one little sound right knee,
 And he'd guess where she was hiding
 In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
 He would cry and laugh with glee.
 It wasn't the china closet,
 But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom
 In the chest with the queer old key!"
 And she said, 'You are warm and warmer,
 But you're not quite right," said she

"It can't be the little cupboard,
 Where mama's things used to be;
 So it must be the clothes-press, gran'ma,"
 And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers—
 They were wrinkled and white and wee—
 And she guessed where the boy was hiding
 With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their place
 Right under the maple tree—
 This old, old, old, old lady,
 And the boy with the lame little knee,
 This dear, dear, dear old lady
 And the boy who was half past three.

THE MOTHER'S JEWELS.

In school of wisdom all the day was spent;
 His steps at eve the rabbi homeward bent,
 With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the
 wife

And two fair children who adorned his life.
 She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
 And, with these words preventing, did begin:
 'Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
 Yet do I most so now, for since the morn
 I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
 Upon one point which you shall now decide.

"Some years ago a friend into my care
 Some jewels gave—rich, precious gems they
 were;
 And, having placed them in my charge, this
 friend

Did after neither come for them nor send;
 But left them in my keeping for so long
 That now it almost seems to me a wrong
 That he should suddenly arrive today
 And take the jewels that he left away.
 What think you? Shall I freely yield them
 back,
 And with no murmuring—so henceforth to lack
 Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
 Almost as mine for ever—mine in fee?"

"What question can be here? Your own true
 heart
 Must needs advise you of the only part;
 That may be claimed again, which was but lent,
 And should be yielded with no discontent,
 Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
 That it was left us to enjoy so long."

"Good is the word!" she answered, "may we
now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one
bed,
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.



THE BREAKFAST FOOD FAMILY.

John Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean,
He scorns to eat of any meat;
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat.
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes,
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But sister Lil can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food;
As breakfast fare it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts.
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub,"
The infant Spratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.



I TOLD HIM "NO!"

Somebody asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him "No!"

Somebody asked me one day to play
A game of cards, and what did I say?
I told him "No!"

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal, but I do not care.
I told him "No!"

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day. 'Twas of no avail.
I told him "No!"

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
God's word has said, and so on the spot
I told him "No!"



TOMORROW AND TODAY.

Tomorrow, wealth may fly away, or turn to
ashes gray;
But not the wealth of noble deeds and duty done
today,
Tomorrow fame's bright flowered crown may
wither on the strand;
But not the laurel wreath of love, wrought by
the helping hand.

Tomorrow, when the ears are dull that long to
hear your voice,
The loving words you spoke today will bid your
heart rejoice;
Tomorrow, when from silent lips the smile shall
disappear,
You will be glad if through today they smiled
when you were near.

Beyond the hills tomorrow smiles and beckons
with her hand
To fairer fields of beauty in a mystic summer
land;
But there the trees whose bending boughs the
richest fruits display
Are common trees transplanted from the garden
of today.



Knowledge is proud that he has learned
so much! Wisdom is humble that he
knows no more.



In Sweden, writes an American travel-
er, the saloons are closed on Saturday—
pay-day—while the savings banks are
kept open until midnight. No earthly
government can force a man to save his
money; but this Swedish system at least
encourages him to deposit it where he
will draw better interest than a head-
ache or heartache.

OUR HOME SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SOME CACHE VALLEY SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



CACHE Valley was first settled in 1855. It was at first used only as a herd ground. It was then very cold; frosts were frequent all the year round. Wellsville, originally known as Maughan's Fort, was the first town built. The county was organized on the 4th of April, 1857.

In the year 1866, Elder William H. Shearman was appointed by Apostle Ezra T. Benson and Bishop Peter

ders Oliver C. Ormsby, Fred Hurst, Charles W. Nibley, Oliver C. Ormsby (second term), and John E. Carlisle have been the stake superintendents. There are now three Stakes of Zion, with their respective superintendencies, in what was originally the Cache Stake.

But though Brother Shearman was not appointed until 1866, there were Sunday Schools in Cache Valley before that time. Wellsville had a Sunday



MILLVILLE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Maughan to more completely organize Sunday Schools in the various towns and settlements of Cache Valley. In 1868 Elder Moses Thatcher was appointed the first general superintendent of all the Sunday Schools in the county. A stake of Zion had not then been organized in that valley. Elders C. O. Card and O. C. Ormsby were Brother Thatcher's assistants. Since then, El-

School running in 1859; Mendon and Paradise in 1863; one was opened in Logan in 1864; a second in 1866. In this last named year schools were also organized in Smithfield and Providence, and in the next year in Hyde Park and Millville; and so, year by year, new schools have come into existence, so that now they number more than thirty, not counting those in the northern por-

ion of the valley, which is included in the State of Idaho.

Today we give pictures of the Millville and Hyrum (second ward) Sunday Schools, copied from photographs taken by Mrs. S. Richards, of Logan.

The Millville Sunday School came into existence in 1866, and was fully organized in April, 1867. Elder Joseph Humphreys was its first superintendent.

For many years there was only one Sunday School in Hyrum; the Second ward school was organized less than two years ago. The enrollment was then about 100; it has now increased to 160. Over one-half of the children are of Scandinavian parentage. Elder Alvin Allen is the superintendent. As the ward meeting house is not yet finished, school convenes in the district school house.

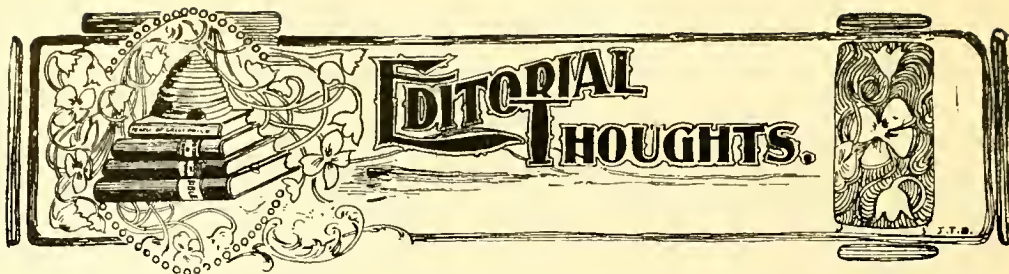


HYRUM, SECOND WARD, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Elder Henry Chandler is the present superintendent, this being the second time that he has been called to this position. The total enrollment of the school is about 250. Owing to the scattered condition of the ward and the large number of very small children, the attendance is somewhat below the average. As the children grow older, this drawback will naturally gradually disappear.

The rapid increase in the enrollment may be ascribed largely to the fact that the teachers and officers diligently visit absentee pupils, as well as those who are not yet enrolled, and encourage them to faithful and punctual attendance.

Both these schools are in the newly organized Hyrum Stake of Zion.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 1, 1902.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Joseph F. Smith, - - - General Superintendent
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Joseph F. Smith	James W. Ure
George Reynolds	John F. Bennett
Joseph M. Tanner	John M. Mills
Thomas C. Griggs	William D. Owen
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Levi W. Richards	George D. Pyper
Francis M. Lyman	Henry Peterson
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George D. Pyper, - - -	General Secretary
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JOSEPH F. SMITH, -	EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
GEORGE REYNOLDS, - - -	} ASSISTANT EDITORS
J. M. TANNER, - - -	
GEORGE D. PYPER, - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER

SHALL CHILDREN SIGN THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE?

WE have been asked if we deem it desirable to encourage the children of the Latter-day Saints to join temperance societies and to take the pledge of total abstinence required of all those who become members of such societies?

We believe it is questionable wisdom to put children under a pledge of any kind. We ourselves do not put our children under pledges, and we see no reason why we should permit others to do it. Instructions can be given to children warning them against the use of strong drinks and tobacco just as well without their being pledged as by placing that responsibility upon them. No men or set of people should be permit-

ted to call our children together for the purpose of joining a temperance society, without they first obtain the consent of the parents or guardians of those children; and we take it for granted that no such consent would be given. We also take it for granted that boards of education could not consistently, without such permission, allow such a thing to be done in the public schools.

It should be understood that we, the Latter-day Saints, teach temperance and morality as part of our religion, and that we ourselves are competent to do this kind of work among our own children without the aid of outside temperance societies. It should also be understood that temperance societies are institutions gotten up to meet conditions prevailing in the sectarian world, and that it would be more consistent in those promoting such institutions to direct their labors among those who so sadly need the benefits of their philanthropic services than to obtrude themselves into a community who do not require their help.

We take this opportunity to refer to the change of policy recently adopted by the "Ministers' Association" of Utah, which is in effect to let the older, incorrigible Mormons alone, and to devote time and attention to the children in the hope of weaning them from the faith of their fathers. It looks to us as though the real intent of the temperance people is to establish their societies among the Mormon children, (who are already temperate and therefore not in

need of the benefits of such societies), for the purpose of ingratiating themselves into their affections, in line with the new policy adopted by the "Ministers' Association." This alone would be a sufficient reason, if there were none other, to justify our brethren and sisters in declining to connect themselves with the so-called temperance societies. But there are other reasons, and among them is one which should be understood by all Latter-day Saints, namely, that the conduct of societies, schools or classes of whatever name or nature, organized or created to influence our children, must be in our own hands and under our own control, and not, in any sense, in the hands of those not in sympathy with our aims and methods.

Joseph F. Smith.



MISSIONARIES AND THE WORD OF WISDOM.

IN the letters of inquiry to young men whose names have been suggested for missionaries an important question is put to them, touching their qualifications for missionary work. They are asked if they observe the Word of Wisdom. The replies are not always satisfactory; indeed, there are too many whose unfavorable answers create not alone surprise but disappointment. Young men cannot hope to be successful missionaries who violate the Word of Wisdom. Its observance is necessary to that spiritual fervor and assurance which carry conviction to the hearts of those who receive the words of the Elders. The absolute necessity of the observance of the Word of Wisdom in the missionary field makes it desirable that all who violate this important law to the people, reform before they can hope to accomplish anything helpful to others either by precept or example.

Most young men who respond to the call are successful in their efforts to reform, but they undergo a struggle which not only taxes their courage but requires time to place themselves in a spiritual condition fit for teaching the Gospel. In the midst of this struggle and delay they realize their folly and mistake of habits, which in many instances might have been avoided by timely warning and proper example in the home.

Where does the responsibility for these unfortunate circumstances lie? In too many instances they are easily traced to the example of the home. Parents as a rule wish their sons to go on missions. They sense the importance and value of mission life, and yet they throw obstacles in the way of a necessary preparation on the part of the young men who learn to drink tea and coffee at their father's table. The use of one stimulant leads soon to the habit of using others, and tobacco and perhaps strong drink follow the questionable practices of the home where the tea and coffee habits are formed. Later the young men regret the mistake and their confidence in the wisdom of the parents is shaken.

There is no thoughtful Latter-day Saint who does not look forward with some pleasure to the time when his son will be called on a mission. No greater honor can come to a home than a call to represent the work of the Lord among the nations; yet parents are too frequently indifferent about the preparation that their sons receive prior to the call to fill a mission. Fundamental in that preparation is the observance of the Word of Wisdom. So important do I esteem this subject that at a recent conference in the Beaver Stake I was led to speak upon it at considerable length.

The extracts that follow from that

discourse should be of interest and deep concern to every reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:

"Now, I do wish with all my heart—not because I say it, but because it is written in the word of the Lord—that you would give heed to this Word of Wisdom. It was given unto us 'not by commandment;' but, by the word of President Brigham Young, it was made a commandment unto the Saints. It is written here for our guidance, for our happiness and advancement in every principle that pertains to the kingdom of God, in time and throughout eternity, and I pray you to observe it. It will do you good; it will ennoble your souls; it will free your thoughts and your hearts from the spirit of destruction; it will make you feel like God, who sustains even the sparrow, that it does not fall to the ground without His notice; it will bring you nearer to the similitude of the Son of God, the Savior of the world, who healed the sick, who made the lame to leap for joy, who restored hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind, who distributed peace, joy, and comfort to all with whom He came in contact, and who cursed and destroyed nothing, save it was the barren fig tree, and that was to show forth His power more than anything else.

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones,

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them.'

"Are these glorious promises not sufficient to induce us to observe this Word of Wisdom? Is there not something here that is worthy our attention? Are not 'great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures' something to be desired? But when I see men and women addicting themselves to the use of tea and coffee, or strong drinks, or tobacco in any form, I say to myself, Here are men and women who do not appreciate the promise God has made unto them. They trample it under their feet, and treat it as a thing of naught. They despise the word of God, and go contrary to it in their actions. Then when affliction overtakes them, they are almost ready to 'curse God, because He will not hear their prayers and they are left to endure sickness and pain.

"And among the least things that we should do is to keep the Word of Wisdom. Brethren and sisters, do not be so weak! I recollect a circumstance that occurred three years ago in a party that I was traveling with. There were one or two that persisted in having their tea and coffee at every place they stopped. I preached the Word of Wisdom right along; but they said, 'What does it matter? Here is so-and-so drinks tea and coffee.' Thus the act of one woman or one man nullified not only all that I or my brethren might say in relation to it, but also the word of God itself. I said at one time, 'Oh, yes, you say it is a good thing to drink a little tea or coffee, but the Lord says it is not. Which shall I follow?' The Lord says that if we will observe the Word of Wisdom we shall have access to great treasures of knowledge, and hidden treasures; we shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint; and the destroying angel shall pass us by, as he did the children of Israel, and not slay us. But the class of men of whom I speak say,

in effect. 'We don't care what the Lord says or promises, we will drink tea and coffee anyhow.' Such people will set a bad example, no matter what others say or what God has said. They will take the bits in their own mouths, and do as they please, regardless of the effect upon the Saints. I say, out upon such practices! If I could not travel with the people of God and observe the laws of God, I would quit traveling. But if the Lord will give me strength to keep His word, so that I can teach it conscientiously, from the heart as well as from the lips, I will visit you, and labor with you, and plead with you. I will pray for you and earnestly beseech you, my brethren and sisters, especially the young men of Zion, to cease practicing these forbidden things, and observe the laws of God, so that you can run and not be weary, walk and not faint, and have access to great treasures of knowledge, hidden treasures, and every blessing that the Lord has promised through obedience."

Joseph F. Smith.

TO ALL SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

ELDER THOMAS C. GRIGGS, the business manager of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, will be pleased to receive at the earliest moment your orders for the plans of study to go into operation at the commencement of the new year, so that as soon as they are issued from the press they can be de-

livered to the schools. They will be bound in three (or probably four) parts. The first part will contain the outlines of studies for the kindergarten and primary departments; the second part those for the first and second intermediate; the third part those for the theological department. It may be found desirable to divide the third part into two for the convenience of the teachers. The Outlines for the studies of the smaller children are only intended for the use of the officers and teachers, those for the older classes can, it is thought, be placed with advantage in the hands of the pupils.

Send in your orders at once or you will not have time to study the Outlines before it is time to use them. Especially is this the case with those for the kindergarten classes as it is deemed desirable that they be taken up in December.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

The first four stakes to forward the one hundred per cent of this year's Nickel fund were the Granite, Davis, Morgan and Weber.

In the Jordan Stake two new Sunday Schools have lately been established, one at the Mascot tunnel, near Herri-man, the other at the Highland Boy mine at Bingham.

A branch Sunday School has been opened in the Cannon ward of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion.



THE LORD WILL PRESERVE.



THE following is taken from the journal of the late President Canute Peterson of his early missionary experiences in Scandinavia:

On December 1, 1853, I left Christiania for Frederikstad. While here, President Hogan desired me to take the Norwegian emigrants from Frederikstad

to Copenhagen. I left about the middle of December with a company of nearly seventy Saints in Captain Thoreson's little vessel. On account of storms we were unable to reach Copenhagen by the direct route. We sailed up Icefjord until we reached Holmbeck, where we landed. We traveled to Roskilla by teams, and by train from there to Copenhagen. Here we were met by friends who accompanied us to a hall which had been obtained for the accommodation of the Saints during their stay there.

Now that the Saints were under the care of the brethren of Copenhagen, it was my duty to return to Christiania, my field of labor. The winter was very severe, and the harbor of Copenhagen was frozen out for miles, hindering all shipping and transportation from this port. The brethren, therefore, suggested my returning through Sweden. Having no money, I would have been obliged to walk the whole way, hundreds of miles through deep snow, in the bitterest winter weather. The thoughts of this journey made me feel very low-spirited, indeed, and I went down to the hall where the Saints were staying to try to cheer up.

About nine o'clock, while I was enjoying myself, I felt a heavy hand strike me on the shoulder from behind. On turning round, to my great astonishment, I saw that it was Captain Thoreson. "Why, Captain Thoreson, are you here!" I said, and taking him by the shoulder, I led him to a corner where we could talk. "What has brought you here?" I asked.

Noticing that I was worried and excited, he answered: "Oh, I see, I see, for nothing evil. I came for you; I want you to go back to Norway with me, and right away with the returning train to Roskilla. I have a cab outside now waiting for us."

I felt completely overjoyed, and very thankful to the Lord in having the way thus opened up before me, and hastened to bid the Saints and the brethren goodbye.

When we were comfortably seated in the car, he told me what had happened, and why he had come for me.

"The next morning after you and your company had left me at Holmbeck," he said, "I was lying in my berth, and drawing the curtains aside, I looked out into the cabin: to my great astonishment, I saw a very fine looking man standing before me. He was dressed in white, and his clothes were of peculiar fashion. He called me by name and said: 'Go to Copenhagen and get my servant, Canute Peterson, and take him back with you to Norway.' He then disappeared.

"Coming on deck, my brother, the mate, noticing that I was nervous and pale asked what had happened. I told him what I had seen, and the command of my strange visitor.

"'Pshaw! that was only a dream,' answered my brother. 'We have no time for that; if you go to Copenhagen, it means that we must remain here longer; we will get frozen in, and then we will have to stay here all winter, and lose more than we have made. No, we must hurry and buy up our cargo, and get out of this firth right away.'

"Well, we tried to buy up our cargo that day, but were unsuccessful. When I retired that night, I could not help wondering whether that person would again appear to me or not.

"The next morning when I awoke, it was broad daylight, and I hastened to dress myself. While sitting on the edge of the berth to put on my stockings, I looked up and there before me stood that same person. He raised his hand, and pointing to me said: 'Captain Thore-

son, if you do not go to Copenhagen and get my servant, Canute Peterson, to go back with you to Norway, you will surely be wrecked and lose your life.' Then he vanished.

"I hastened on deck, and again related to my brother the strange circumstance.

"'Well,' said he, 'perhaps you had better go to Copenhagen and get Peterson.'

"Then it was agreed that he should load up the vessel as soon as possible, and sail out to open sea, and I was to go to Copenhagen to get you. On arriving in the city, I called at the Mormon office and was directed to the hall where you were spending the evening."

I marveled greatly at what the Captain had related to me, and was exceedingly thankful for the kind hand-dealing of the Lord in thus providing me a way to reach my field of labor.

On reaching Holmbeck, we found that the vessel had sailed out to the open sea, so the Captain got a carriage and we drove down to a hotel near the mouth of the firth, and obtained a boat and men to take us to the vessel. We found the mate in such excellent humor because of his unusually good luck that day in obtaining the produce he desired to take home to Norway.

We sailed on in sight of shore until nightfall. Next morning the wind was not so favorable, however, but still we

could keep our course. In the afternoon we had to change our direction in order to pass a certain point, or *nase*. This brought us more against the wind and we were unable to pass the dangerous point. Now we tried to turn to go back, but the wind had slacked off, and the waves running very high, our vessel could not be turned against the wind as we desired. Then we had to turn the opposite way which all the time brought us nearer and nearer the shore, and we soon found that we were in great danger of being dashed to pieces.

Realizing our extreme danger, I went down into the cabin and tried to offer up a word of prayer. I came up on deck and still our condition was very perilous. After a few moments, I returned to pray again, and this time my prayer was answered.

When I came on deck, the Captain, being fully aware that I had been praying, said: "This time your prayer was heard, for see, the wind is coming from the shore."

A very favorable breeze now helped us to pass this dangerous point, and we sailed on toward our destination without further danger or delay.

When everything became pleasant the Captain said: "Now I can see where the danger was, and, I think where my grave would have been, if I had disobeyed."



SOME OF OUR POETS.

HANNAH T. KING.



ISTER HANNAH TAPFIELD KING was born in the University town of Cambridge, England, on the 16th of March, 1807, and

spent her childhood and early youth among its classic shades and bowers. She was of good family, her grandfather being a rector of the Church of Eng-

land, of which she herself was a zealous and devoted member. At the early age of seventeen she was married to Mr. Thomas King, and their union was blessed with ten beautiful children, the majority of whom preceded her to the world beyond the grave.

From a child she had been accustomed to write much—keeping a journal and a book for choice extracts, etc. Her father was unavoidably much away from home on business, but he enjoined her to write frequently to him, and to do his



HANNAH T. KING.

bidding was her delight, for he was her beau ideal of all that was good. After some years of married life she became a writer for the local papers and also wrote two books, one for her girls and the other for the boys, "The Toilet" and the "Three Eras," dedicating them to each. She also wrote considerable poetry all her life.

Regarding her acceptance of the truths of the Gospel, Sister King writes:

"In 1849, 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.' I had a young woman who had worked for me eleven years as dressmaker, she was highly respectable, conscientious and good. In September, 1849, she was in the house at work, and on the evening of the 4th, when work was laid aside, she told me she wished to speak to me privately, as she had something she wished to communicate to me. I at once gave her the audience she requested and she then laid before me the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with the first principles of the same. Of course I was startled! But the Spirit of God witnessed to my spirit that she spoke *truth*! I compared all she told me by the Bible which had ever been my standard of truth—it *endorsed* all she said! I studied, I prayed,—she gave me to read 'Spencer's Letters'—they made me a willing convert. I read many other prominent works with which my teacher furnished me. Fifteen months passed, and yet I had not attended the Latter-day Saints meetings, or seen a single member but this young woman, yet even at that time I was a confirmed Latter-day Saint. I then was introduced to an Elder from America, and after his first sermon I was baptized by him in the classic waters of the Cam, my native river."

She was baptized on November 4, 1850. Soon antagonism began to manifest itself, her former friends and associates looked with contempt and pity upon her. But in Hannah T. King there was an intellectual as well as a moral and spiritual reception of the truth, so that she repaid the scoffs and jeers of orthodoxy in such currency as bore the pre-eminent stamp of sure divinity. With after experience and at much sacrifice, she with her accomplished family and her husband, who at that time had not

been baptized, left the home of affluence, for the then half sterile vales of Utah. The journey across the plains, to those used to other conditions, was only sanctified by the power of truth, and settlement in Utah was colored and glorified only by the same celestial light. They reached Salt Lake City on September 19, 1853.

The name of Hannah T. King became very much endeared to the people of Utah. As wide as her acquaintance extended she was beloved as a friend, admired as a woman of genius, and acknowledged as the possessor of the grandest traits of womanhood and the highest types of nobility of principle, refinement, courage and unswerving integrity. Her aims are aptly described in one of her own poems:

"I've fought the battle all my life
Of outward foes and inward strife;
The strife which flesh and spirit feel
As keenly as the barbed steel;
For ah! my soul has longed to be
A perfect thing for God to see!
And feels impatient for the time
When I the heavenly heights shall climb,
The good, in all the ages past,
My eyes in Love I've ever cast,
Would imitate, admire, and aim
Their glorious pinnacles to gain."

Regarding her labors in the Church, after she had made her home in Salt Lake City, she writes:

"For two years I had a school in my own house, and it promised to be a success, but my health failed, and to my sorrow I had to relinquish it. I was appointed to preside over the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association of the Seventeenth ward, which position I held for one year, but resigned from feeble health. I was then appointed first counselor to Sister Marinda Hyde, president of the Relief Society of the Seventeenth ward, which office I still have the honor

to hold. My desire has ever been to be useful 'in my day and generation,' especially in the work of the last days, for in that I have joy and ample satisfaction."

Sister King passed from mortality to the abode of the just September 25, 1886. She loved exalted subjects and noble characters as the themes of her poems: Columbus, Isabella of Spain, and other grand lives gave inspiration to her pen. But we here insert, as more suited to the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR one of her short, domestic poems, one that is a favorite with her family. It is addressed to one of her little grandsons:

TO BOYSY.*

O Boysy I love thee, and yet we must part,
Dear Pet of the Household, all linked to my
heart,
And a cycle of time must revolve ere we meet,
With embraces and kisses each other to greet.

But we never shall meet as we have met, again,
When I was your refuge in joy or in pain,
To boyhood, from babyhood, then you'll have
grown,
I shall feel quite unable my Boysy to own.

I shall often recall all your sweet winning ways
Since I gazed on your face as an infant of days,
And I've seen you expand as a rose on a stem,
In beauties I never shall witness again!

No, you never can be all you have been to me,
That sweet phase of life is now no more to be;
You'll have grown and outgrown all the pure infant love
That you lavished upon me as wealth from above.

It ever is thus! how we grow and outgrow
All that once made life dear, both in joy and in
woe!

But the cycles of Time revolve over our head,
And much that we once loved is distant or dead.

* Her grandson Harold T. King,

Come kiss me, my loved one—yes, kiss me
again,
My heart is full heavy—my love is a pain;
The love, all so pure, that you gave unto me
You'll outgrow as your babyhood passes from
thee.

Is it weakness to mourn o'er the love of a child?
A baby of years! Is it simple and wild?
I know not, I care not; all I feel at this time
Is the thought that he's gone, and can no more
be mine.

I thought that in this way I never again
Should suffer my love to work into a pain;

But I find I must love—yes, love on to the end,
For love is of God, and the poor mortal's
friend.

God keep you, my sweet one! I see thee depart,
But I know I shall live in that fond little heart
Till the wing of old Time overshadows the view;
Then 't will seem like a dream both to me and to
you!

So passes the life of the beings of earth—
Shade and sunshine flit o'er them from earliest
birth;

But keep the heart young and love on to the
end,
For love is of God, and the poor mortal's friend.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE "WEDDING GARMENT."

QUESTION: Matthew 22: 11 reads,
"And when the king came to
see the guests, he saw there a
man which had not on a wedding gar-
ment." What is here meant by a wed-
ding garment?

Answer: The wedding garment is the
knowledge of having done all required
of a saint to be worthy to enter the
kingdom of heaven; that kingdom being
typified in this parable of our Savior by
the king who made a marriage for his
son and invited the people to come to
the wedding feast.

class, he loses the influence and control
that he would otherwise exercise over
the students. Class discipline is always
disturbed or greatly diminished when
teachers allow their thoughts and feel-
ings to dwell on matters foreign to the
students and the class work. In other
words, the teacher should always be
with his class in thought and feeling.
The teacher who sits before his class
with his thoughts on them individually
and collectively will be much more likely
to gain the sympathy of his students and
retain their attention. If he is with
them, they are likely to be with him.

THE PREPARATION OF LESSONS.

Question: "Should teachers prepare
lessons during devotional exercises in
the Sunday School?"

Answer: No; preparations for the les-
son should always be made at home. If
a teacher's attention is not with his

WHAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF THE JEWS?

Question: "Do the Jews of today speak
the ancient Egyptian language?"

Answer: No; the ancient Egyptian
language is nowhere spoken. The Jews
according to their language, are divided
into three classes: the German, the Span-

ish, and the Arabic. The Jews, however, are good linguists and very easily learn the languages of other countries. In the Orient, it is not uncommon to meet Jews who speak with fluency a half dozen different languages.

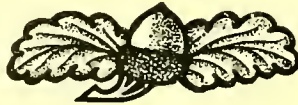


THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.

Question: "Does the Church sanction the marriage of cousins; if not, why are

the Saints not advised to abstain from such marriages?"

Answer: There are generally laws of the land that limit marriages to certain degrees of consanguinity; and within and including the third degree, marriages are prohibited by law in this country. The Church has never felt it necessary to be more strict in regard to the matter than the State. Whether cousins marry or not is largely a matter of their own feelings and views on the subject.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

ALTHOUGH the first Thanksgiving in America is said to have been conducted in Newfoundland in 1578 by a minister named Wollfall, the custom is distinctly of New England origin. The plenteous harvest of 1621 prompted Governor Bradford of Massachusetts to issue a proclamation for the observance of a day of thanksgiving which lengthened into three before its festivities were ended. It is the important holiday in New England and not infrequently a thanksgiving week is observed there. It overshadows the Christmas season, which in some places is hardly observed. In one of the great educational institutions of New England, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Christmas is not even observed by closing the school on that day.

The early Puritans of New England hated all popish institutions, and Christ-

mas was looked upon as a "mummery" of the pope. The "superstitious meats," the "plum pudding," and "mince pie" were all discarded for the time-honored turkey and "pumpkin pie."

Thanksgiving day and the jubilant spirit to which its celebration gave rise have done much to soften the austere life of the Puritans, whose early ceremonies were as rigid as a Sabbath or fast-day observances.

A curious story is related of a Thanksgiving occasion in Connecticut in 1713. From the accounts given in a newspaper published in those times, it appears that the governor and his majesty's commissioners were to celebrate the day by a goodly supply of venison which an Indian had sold to one of his white brethren. Just as the august company was about to partake of the bountiful repast which the wild man's skill and the harvests of field and garden had provided, the startling announcement was made that the deer had been shot by the In-

dian "on ye Lord's day." The company was shocked at the awful announcement and determined not to eat until proper retribution had been administered to the ungodly redman. It was thereupon decided that the Indian receive thirty-nine stripes, and that he return to the purchaser the money paid for the venison. Having thus visited a just and righteous judgment upon the savage who had violated the Sabbath in so unchristian-like manner, the company fell upon the venison and devoured it. There was one, however, in the company whose conscience had not been eased by so harsh a judgment, and he refused to eat.

The old Puritanic spirit of New England never found a strong echo in New York, where the people were not averse to celebrating Thanksgiving in a festive manner which would have delighted the papal spirit, so much hated by the New Englanders. At one time it was celebrated in true carnival fashion by parades wherein appeared fantastic costumes the wearers representing washerwomen, clowns, kings, Yankees, Irishmen, and courtiers. The ragamuffin

parades filled the streets all the day through.

These street parades were common as late as 1885, and at one time they took on sometimes political significance. "Senator Tweed," it was announced in the papers, would review the parade at different points. His influence in his palmy days gave lustre to the occasion, and the occasion gave its return at the ballot for the honor he had conferred upon the motley paraders, who were also encouraged by contributions, which the politicians of those days felt it helpful to make to the crowds.

Even the stern and gloomy ministers of New England sometimes turned from their favorite subject of hell and its torments to affairs of state, and the political affairs which seemed uppermost in their minds. A story is told of a Connecticut preacher, whose ardent federalism made him feel solicitous about his country. The good minister prayed:—"And, O Lord, endow the President (Jefferson was president at the time) with a goodly portion of Thy grace, for Thou, O Lord, knowest that he needs it."



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

PRIMARY GRADE.

LESSON XIII.

First Step. Song: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Bishop. His full name. How called, ordained, and sustained. How we should greet him.

Fourth Step. Story continued. Joseph.

Dream of the sun, moon, and stars. The brothers' envy. Their evil design. Joseph sold. Gen. 37.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, we ask Thee ere we Part." Prayer.

LESSON XIV.

First Step. Song: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Bishop (continued). Report on having met and properly greeted him. His duties as "Father of the Ward."

Fourth Step. Joseph (continued). His virtue. His imprisonment. He interprets dreams. Gen. 39 and 40.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Lord, we ask Thee ere we Part." Prayer.

Fourth Step. The ship built and entered. Dancing on the ship. Nephi bound. The great danger and repentance. Nephi unbound. His prayers answered. The promised land reached. 1 Nephi 18.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

LESSON XIII.

First Step. Song: "In our Lovely Deseret."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Stake Quarterly Conferences. What they are. Where held. When held. For what purposes held

Fourth Step. The second temptation. Matt. 4: 5-7. Memorize 6, 7.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON XIV.

First Step. Song: "In our Lovely Deseret."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Quarterly Conferences. Report attending them. Visits of the Apostles. Their instructions. (See note)

Fourth Step. The third temptation. Matt. 4: 8-11. Memorize 9, 10.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

ADVANCED GRADE.

LESSON XIII.

First Step. Song: "Sowing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Patriarch of the Church His name. His calling.

Fourth Step. Land Bountiful reached. The command to build a ship. The opposition. The hand of God. 1 Nephi 17.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Sing we now at Parting." Prayer.

LESSON XIV.

First Step. Song: "Sowing."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. First Council of Seventies. Their names. How called, ordained, and sustained. Duties. Doc. & Cov. Sec. 107.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. In presenting the lesson suggested above on quarterly conferences, teachers should aim to inspire in the children's hearts a desire to attend conference that they may hear and learn to know our inspired leaders.

2. If hymns suggested are too long and consume too much time, a verse or two only may be sung. This should be done without books and without instrument, according to the Religion Class idea. This note is repeated for the benefit of some who have varied from it.

3. The time of Religion Class sessions should not be cut down too much. If pupils see a spirit of restlessness and anxiety to get out on the part of the teacher, that feeling will be transmitted to the class and control will be lost. Let the feeling rather prevail that it is a worthy cause and that it deserves its time. Feel interested yourselves and bring life into your work and it will be enjoyable to all.

4. All annual stake reports have not come in yet. They were due on July 1st, 1902. Kindly send them as soon as possible.

5. Teachers' licenses issued last year may be endorsed for the present year by Stake Superintendents. New teachers should be recommended by their Bishops to Stake Superintendents. They, in turn, should send the names of such teachers to the general secretary and licenses will at once be issued to them.

6. Teachers should keep before them the words and example of the Master. "I came not," said He, "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." And again, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." People found fault with Him because he spent much of His time "with publicans and sinners." But it was to such that He was sent, and with them He labored most earnestly and patiently, trying to turn them from the error of their ways. Teachers should be kind, but firm, with the children. They should insist on having the respect that is due to them; but on no account

should they tell a child to leave the room because of unruly conduct. Such a child should be the special object of a teacher's attention, and his case should be carried often to the Lord in prayer. "Prayer," we are told, "can change the night to day," and it is quite as efficacious in changing the conduct of unruly children. A teacher writes: "Last year we had a boy in our class who was chuck full of mischief. He would not take part in the exercises, and caused us considerable annoyance. We bore with him for about two months, when one afternoon the stay chains of my temper broke, and I told him to take his cap and leave the room. He did so but no sooner had he left than I realized that I had made a mistake. I felt that that boy should be to me the most interesting member of the class, that he should be the special subject of my care and attention. The rest were well; but he was sick, and needed a physician. After the class was dismissed I found him and asked him to forgive me for sending him away. I told him that I loved him, that I wanted to do him

good, and that if he would come back I would do all in my power to teach him to become a good boy. He promised to come the next week. He did come. I spoke kindly to him and persuaded him to get up and recite the Lord's prayer, which to my astonishment he did perfectly. That day was the turning point. He treated me with the greatest respect ever after, and scarcely a week passed that he did not take part in the exercises."

7. When parents and stake officers visit classes, it is the custom with some teachers to single out the brightest and best of the pupils to answer the questions, etc. Instead of this being complimentary to the teachers, it is just the reverse; for it would appear much better for them to be found laboring with backward pupils, trying to bring them up to the same standard as that reached by the brighter ones. Instructors should aim to give a correct account of their work. All the children should be given an equal chance, and teachers should be careful not to slight any of the little ones



ON SAMOA'S SUNNY ISLAND.

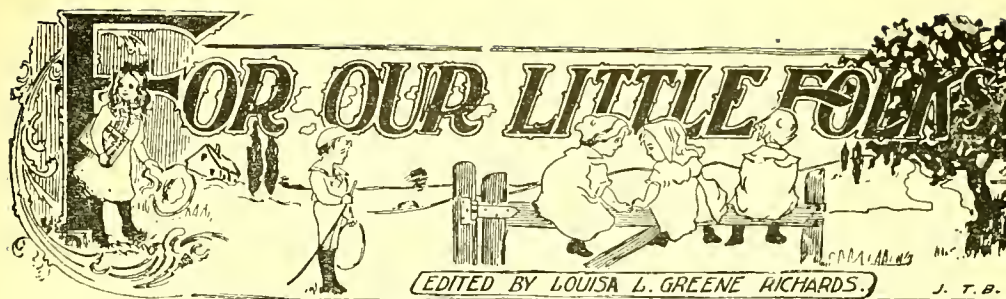
Words by Myra Longhurst.

Music by T. C. Griggs.

Written on her departure with her husband to fill a mission in Samoa.

On Sa mo a's sun - ny is land, Oe'r the broad Pa cif ic
 With the light we're called to trav el And bear it to that
 But to plant the Gos pel's en - sign We now sail a - cross the

sea, There are those who sit in darkness, Waiting for the mist to flee.
 land; Tho' at times it caus es sad - ness, Leaving our dear native land.
 foam, May God's an - gels e'er pro tect us, And in safe ty bring us home.



LOST: A DOG.

HAVE you ever noticed how tenderly a mother will bend in loving sympathy over her little child who has a tiny scratch upon its little finger? Often a kiss is enough to take away the pain, but does the mother ever think the scratch is too slight to bestow the kiss? No, never, and in our loving heavenly Father the same tenderness and love exist and if we will only go to Him in time of trouble, with the faith that the little child has in its mother, believing that He can and will, hear us, we may receive visible assurance of His power to help and His readiness to listen to us even in matters that seem in our eyes almost beneath the notice of the great Creator.

But no one understands our weakness so well as He does, and He courts our love, and faith in His promises. It is recorded in the Holy Scriptures, that when the Saviour was here, walking upon the earth, in the flesh, He told His disciples that whatsoever they should ask the Father in His name, believing that they should receive, it should be given them. We should have faith in His promise, and when we are in sorrow of any kind go to our Father in prayer, and lay the matter before Him, believing that if it is of sufficient importance to trouble us it is of sufficient importance to gain His sympathy and help.

The following true story may perhaps serve to strengthen the faith of some of

our young readers, and lead them to test the power of prayer, if they have not proven it already.

Last summer the members of our ward spent a day at the Lagoon. Upon arriving at the depot, where we should take the train, we found that our little dog had followed us. As he had often been as far before, we ordered him "to go back home" and we took our seats, but upon this occasion he was disobedient, which ended as is frequently the case, in trouble for himself and his friends. Instead of returning home, he must have boarded the train, but knowing he was doing wrong was careful to keep out of our sight. After several days had passed and he did not return, we put an advertisement in the *News* offering a reward for his recovery.

Those who have had any experience with animals will know how attached one becomes to them, and that their attractiveness is not always based upon their beauty. Now, our dog Prince would not stand the slightest chance of a prize in a beauty show. He does not belong to any particular breed, but in spite of his rather unprepossessing appearance he has some very cute ways, and knows nearly everything we say to him, and we have grown to think so much of him that we were quite miserable when he was lost. There was no reply to our advertisement, and another week passed. One night at family prayers I said to my mother, "Ma, do you think it would seem foolish to ask our Heavenly Father

to send Prince back?" "No, dear," she replied, "I think it would be all right." I rose from my knees feeling comforted, and assured that the Lord would answer our prayer. The next day we did not hear anything, but the day following soon after breakfast, we received a telephone message from the Salt Lake railway depot, saying that a gentleman had just brought a dog in from Farmington, and they wanted us to come and see if it was ours. We hurried off, and found him there, his feet torn and bleeding from travel. The poor animal was so delighted to see us again that he leaped, and danced, and barked, and played all his tricks to the great amusement of the men stationed around. Now the peculiar part of the story is, that the gentleman who had taken the trouble to bring him all the way from Farmington, did not do so for the sake of a reward, as he would not wait to see us. Can we then doubt that our Heavenly Father, in answer to our prayer, put the kindly thought into his heart to bring the dog to the city, to restore him to his friends?

M. F. K.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

PRESTON, IDAHO.

My mama says I may write to the little Letter-Box, and she will help me. I have some little playmates and two dollies, and we have good times playing together. My sleeping dollie is named Lilly, and my other dollie is named Bertha. Some of my best playmates are Wanda Tibbets, Alice Chatterton, Laverne Gittens, Gwyn and Blanche McCann, and Teresse and Gwendolyn Thomas. My three little cousins are named Lola, Weldon and Melba. This is my Uncle Molbourne's birthday, and grandma is going to let us have fruit

cake and pies for dinner. I have a little pie of my own. Last evening I had a little cake, but I forgot to save it for the birthday. In November I shall be five years old. I am

LITTLE BRENDA SMITH.



Something About Japanese Children.

The Letter-Box readers will enjoy the following, which has been kindly handed in for publication:

TOFIO, JAPAN, Oct. 10, 1902.

MY DEAR MARY AND FLORENCE:

This is the first chance I have had to write to you since I arrived in Japan. But I have often thought of you and sent love to you in letters to the folks. You must write and tell me all about your Primary meetings and everything at home.

The little boys and girls over here do not know what a Primary is. They do not know anything about our Father in heaven, and when they pray they kneel down before some horrible looking image in the shape of a man, to whom they offer up their prayers. It is simply awful to see them, and makes one feel sick all over. There are throngs of little boys and girls running around the streets, most of them very poor. I feel very sorry for them. We have lots of them around here all the time. Many of them always have babies strapped to their backs. I have seen lots of little girls not so large as you, eight years old, Florence, with babies strapped to their backs. They go around like that all day long, and we can see them running, jumping and playing just as if they had nothing on their backs at all. Sometimes the babies go fast to sleep, and their little necks look as though they would break off as they are jolted about. I guess you would be happy, Florence,

if you had some of their babies to tend. But I don't think you would want to carry them around like that, would you? You would laugh to see how these people over here watch us. They think we are a great curiosity. They stare at me so hard, I guess they wonder what I am. They have never seen anyone before with hair like mine, and they think I am a great sight. All the Japanese girls have jet black hair and eyes, and they think mine are very funny. The dogs bark at us just as ours do at the Indians at home. The babies cry if we go near them, and it is quite funny.

You would laugh to hear Uncle Horace talk Japanese, he just rattles it off. He eats with chop-sticks just as well as the Japs do themselves, and they think he is all right. I am getting so that I can say a few words, and by the time I get home I hope to be able to talk to the Primary children in Japanese. Give all of the children my love. I hope they all go to their Primary meetings and are helping their teachers out. Uncle Horace joins me in sending love to you all.

Lovingly yours,

AUNT MAUD.



Hard Times, But Happy.

SALT LAKE CITY.

We have only lived here two years. When we left our home in England to come to Utah we had been working very hard and living very poor to save as much money as we could so that we might all come together, papa, mama and six of us children. I am the oldest, and am fourteen years old. We are still poor, but we are happy, because the Lord has blest us, and brought us here in safety, and kept us all alive and all together. We have found kind friends,

too, among the Saints here. We had a fine Thanksgiving dinner provided for us, and we are very thankful for all our blessings, if we do have to see some hard times.

MABEL LAMSGATE.



A Baby Sister.

PROVO CITY, Nov. 4, 1902.

This is my first letter to the Letter-Box. I am seven years old. I have two brothers and one little baby sister. I am the oldest. I go to school. I am in the second grade B. I go to Sunday School and Primary. I like my teacher very much.

Your new friend,

JAMES P. CLAYTON.



Sunday School at Home.

HUDSON, WIS., Oct. 30, 1902.

We are the only Latter-day Saint family in this city. There are ten children in the family, eight girls and two boys. Mama, four sisters and myself are members of the Church. My eldest sister at home is not a member, but we all pray for her that she too will be converted and be baptized, and we believe God will answer our prayers.

We hold Sunday School among ourselves every Sunday. Mama is the teacher and we enjoy it very much. Sometimes I go to St. Paul, Minn., to Sunday School. Our papa died almost four years ago. Mama was baptized three years ago last August; while I have been a member for two years.

I went to St. Paul to conference and heard Apostle Woodruff talk.

Your friend,

KATIE FLYNN.



A number of little letters have reached us from the Sunday School children of Woodland, Summit county, Utah. The

two following this are the best of these efforts, as they mention some things which are not told by the other little letter writers.

L. L. G. R.

Good Indians.

I am seven years old. I go to Primary, and my mama is my Sunday School teacher. Some Mormon Indians came to our place for a little while. There was a little Indian girl with them who had her leg cut off above the knee. They were good Indians. I have two sisters and one brother.

A new friend,

RUTH PARRY.

Near the River, and Cold.

I am eight years old. We live near the Provo River. It is very cold here in winter. We have a good Sunday School; there are seventy-three in our primary class. Our teachers' names are Sisters Carrie W. Parry and Etta Moon. I like them very much. We have a good Primary Association, our president's name is Mary L. Benson.

Your little friend,

BEATRICE MURPHY.

Going to Visit Grandma.

HYRUM CITY.

This is the first time that we have written to the Letter-Box. We are going to visit our grandma, she is eighty-one years old tomorrow. She is very old. Our mama is our teacher in Primary. We have good teachers in Sunday School. We like to read the letters in the JUVENILE.

LEOTA JACOBSON, eight years old,

VERA JACOBSON, eleven years old.

Baptized in the River.

POCATELLO, IDAHO.

I was ten years old on the seventh of

September. And I was baptized on the first day of June (President Brigham Young's birthday) in the Portneuf River by Bishop Cannon. Our Sunday School and Primary are real nice. I love our Primary president, Sister Hyde. My papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I am very pleased with the little letters, and thought I would like to write one. I send my love to all the little boys and girls.

IRENE SHUMWAY.

NED'S IDEA.

His cheek against the window pressed,
His hands at rest,
Our little Ned, with eyes of blue,
So clear and true,
Watches the snow as, thick and fast,
The flakes fly past.

Queer questions in his small brain grow,
He wonders so:
"Where do they come from, mama dear,
Down into here?
Maybe they're feathers, pretty things,
From snow-birds' wings.

"Or," and a swift light, eager, wise,
Shines in his eyes,
"Our maples drop their leaves, you know,
Down here below.
I've seen them fly, when the wind blew hard
All round the yard!

"And maybe God has a garden high
Up in the sky;
And I wonder, mama—don't you s'pose,
That, when it snows,
'Tis an angel shaking the snowflake trees
With a little breeze?"

RAINY LULLABY.

The rain-god drives through a storm-swept sky,
The pattering drops have the beat of a hoof—
But dreamy at night is the lullaby
Of the rain on the sloping roof.

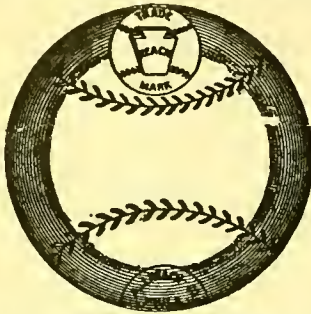
LITTLE ONES.

Glad as a bird on the wing;
Easily grieved or beguiled;
A tender and delicate thing
Is the innocent heart of a child.

"Never Touched Me!"

●●●●

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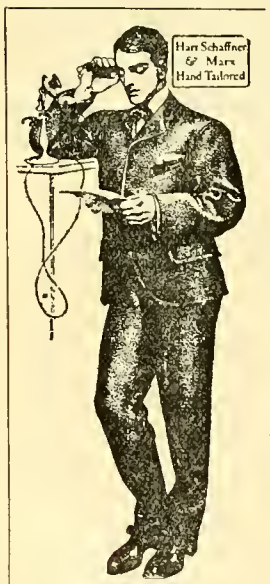
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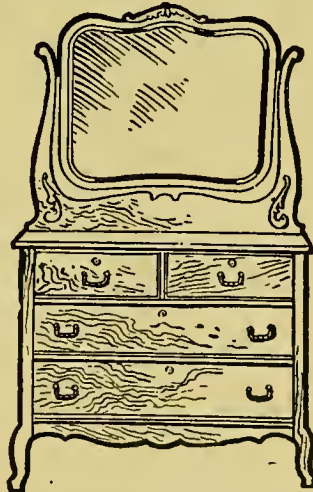
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